

Circuit Court.
W. J. Henson, Judge; S. M. Graham, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 1st Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.
T. C. Bowen, Com'th. Atty.
S. S. F. Harman, Sheriff.
H. F. Peery, Deputy Sheriff.
Wm. Bandy, Treasurer.
H. P. Brittain, County Clerk.
H. G. McCall, Deputy Treasurer.
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.
Address, Snapps, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Stephen Davis, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m., fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

NORTH TAZEVELL CHURCH.—at Lay School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer every Friday 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEVELL PREACHERS COUNCIL. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 28.
Meets second Monday in each month.
C. R. BROWN, H. P.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

TAZEVELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
W. T. GILLESPIE, W. M.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, E. C.

TIPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F.
Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.
FRANK PYOTT, N. G.
J. G. GILLESPIE, Sec'y.

C. D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in all the courts of Tazewell county and Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

ELTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. & S. Coulling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. H. Elton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. & S. Coulling, Tazewell, Va.

REMYER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Gillespie building Edgar L. Remyer, Harry Gillespie.

H. O. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Collecting a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Collections given special attention. Office—Court House.

W. B. SPRAIT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Richwood, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

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It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

TASK A HARD ONE

ENGINEERS HAD WORK TO DO IN LANDING CARGO.

American Enterprise in Opening Up Philippines to Railroad Service Is Under Handicap—Tough Job to Land Locomotives.

Some facts regarding the trials and handicaps encountered by American enterprise in opening up the Philippines to railroads are related by the chief officer of the steamer Wray Castle, which arrived here with a cargo of hemp, Japanese curios and other commodities, says the Boston Transcript. On her last voyage outward from New York the Wray Castle carried, among other items of a large and valuable cargo, seven locomotives, four of them for Hilo, next to Manila the most important point of the Philippine archipelago. Also, she had rails and other materials to be used in the development of an industry hitherto confined almost exclusively to Manila and its immediate vicinity, but which soon is to embrace a wide stretch of inland territory.

When the Wray Castle arrived at Hilo she found in waiting a large party of constructionists, with American mechanics and engineers as bosses and overseers and coolies for drudgery, all ready to begin the work. Most of them had been drawing pay up to that time for nothing more arduous than keeping themselves out of the hot sun. But when the steamer appeared all was bustle and excitement.

As an initial problem there was the question of ways and means of getting the heavy machinery and locomotive parts ashore. There were packages weighing variously from three to fifteen tons and no shore apparatus for handling them. Everything handled between ship and shore is done in lighters, and there were no lighters in the port adequate for the work except two old hulks which had been towed out to the Philippines from the Erie canal.

Though there was some hesitation about intrusting such weight to these boats, it was the only thing possible; so package by package the machinery was lowered over the sides of the Wray Castle until the old canal boats fairly groaned with their unaccustomed burden. With the apparatus of the steamer to assist, this first part of the discharging presented no great difficulties. But when the lighters were towed ashore the engineers were at their wits' end to know how to remove the parts. They had nothing in the line of machinery for heavy lifting at the water's edge, and did their best to purchase part of the Wray Castle outfit. In this they were unsuccessful. They finally succeeded in erecting a derrick, but the sand was such an unstable support that when one 15-ton section was being removed from the lighters the apparatus came tumbling down, killing an American and injuring one or two of the coolies. The task was accomplished at last, however.

The three locomotives and railway parts not discharged at Hilo were for Kobe, Japan, and there the landing was attended with difficulties almost equal to those encountered at the Philippine port. One incident had a ludicrous side to the officers of the Wray Castle, though not so to the Japanese engaged in the work of lightering. One of the lighters had received two heavy parts and was ready to make for shore when another came along under sail to take her place by the side of the steamer. Through a miscalculation or unfavorable slant of wind the lighter under sail struck the other fairly amidships. This gave her such a list that she began to take in water, and there was only a brief interval before she had turned turtle and the machinery was on the harbor bed. The Japanese in the overturned lighter did a lively scramble to escape going down with her. Eventually the sunken machinery was recovered.

What the Passes.
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KEPT EYE ON BUILDERS.

Railroad Men Keenly Watched Progress of Bridge.

When I first knew Sir William C. Van Horne, he was superintendent of the Southern Minnesota railroad, a line running from the Mississippi river through the southern tier of counties of the state, writes A. W. Dunn, in The Sunday Magazine. At least it was intended to cross the state, but for many years it halted after being constructed half the distance. It was extended west while Van Horne was superintendent, and he had charge of the work. Under his supervision a bridge was constructed across the Des Moines river, which was quite a feat of railroad building in those days, as the trestle was 60 feet high for more than a quarter of a mile, and was wholly of wood. Van Horne watched the progress of that bridge day after day, and was often seen walking along foot wide timbers at its extreme height, scanning first one and then another part of the structure.

HE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.
The Engineer Almost Ran His Locomotive Into a Burned Bridge.

"The narrowest escape I ever had was when I was running a locomotive on a logging railroad out in Colorado," said William McNeery, an old engineer. "I was working for a man named Thompson, who had a saw mill up in the mountains, about 35 miles from the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande, and I was pulling his trains of lumber from the mill to the main line with a little narrow gauge engine. We did not always have enough coal to last until we reached town, and we would burn wood when we ran short."

"One night we were coming back from town. It was in the middle of the winter and the thermometer was down about 40 degrees below zero. We had taken up a train load of lumber and were bringing back a string of empty cars. We had just tipped over the top of the Continental divide, when we crossed between the mill and town, and were dropping down hill at a pretty fair rate of speed, when I saw a light ahead. It was just over the shoulder of the hill that we went round and did not look more than a hundred yards away."

"Must be an Indian campfire," said Tom French, my fireman. "We were running through the Apache reservation at the time, and the Indians often built their campfires close to the track. It looked too big to me for a campfire, so I threw over the reverse lever and put on the air. The engine stopped just where the track began to curve around the hill. I sent the fireman ahead to see what the fire was, while I went over the rods with my oil can."

"In a moment he was back. 'Bridge burning,' said Tom. 'And when I went around to look I saw a wooden bridge over an arroyo about a hundred feet wide burning away merrily. The sparks from the ashpan of the engine had set fire to the bridge when we were going up and about all there was left now was the two rails hanging over the hole.'—Kansas City Star.

The Man Who Runs the Railroad.
A mile down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the southbound track, the big black engine shaking and belching smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal-bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in greasy overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland crossing, and after the Southshore limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.—Harper's.

Maryland Chicken.
Joint a small chicken, roll in seasoned flour, then egg and crumb the joints, says Good Housekeeping. Lay in a dripping pan and on each joint lay a thin slice of fat bacon. Bake 20 minutes in a very hot oven, removing the bacon to a platter when thoroughly crisp. Arrange the joints with the bacon, thicken the fat in the pan with two level tablespoons of flour, add one cup of thin cream, and when thoroughly blended strain over the meat.

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EGAN AN ENERGETIC BOSS.

Worked with Men to Help Trains Through Snow Drifts.

When Van Horne went to the Canadian Pacific he took with him John M. Egan. While he had been superintending the building of the Southern Minnesota, Egan was chief engineer, and the latter became superintendent of the division when Van Horne was advanced, and spent one or two winters trying to keep the road open. In those days the snow drifts were simply a plover with a moldboard on each side. The worst blizzards Minnesota ever experienced happened about that time, and every railroad cut from the Blue Earth river of the Dakota border line, some hundred and fifty miles, was full of snow. Egan went out with the crews, and I have seen him with two engines, between which was a flat car heavily loaded with railroad iron, bucking the snow in the deep cuts.

The two engines were backed away from the drift about half a mile, and then sent forward with all the speed that was possible to plunge into the drift.

The plow would throw out great mountains on each side, and the forward engine would be buried under huge piles of snow. From the cab of the engine Egan would emerge and give directions to the shovelers, and in emergencies he would seize a shovel and work like a laboring man himself.

It was Egan who rigged sails on handcars and went out over the line when trains could not get through. The handcars were dragged across the cuts and then the sails were set for a long run on the clear portions of the track.

After Egan went to the Canadian Pacific he was stationed at Winnipeg, and had much to do with the construction of the road westward. Then he went with Hill on the Manitoba system, and later was general manager of the organization of railroads centering in Chicago.—A. W. Dunn, in The Sunday Magazine.

Leave Railroad for Farm.
So profitable has farming become in Pennsylvania that many employees of the railroads are deserting their present occupations to take up farm work.

Many of the railroad men were brought up on farms, but deserted them for what was at the time more lucrative employment on the railroads. But the high prices obtained for all products of the farm has again caused a change, and some of these railroad men have found it a most profitable venture to buy up farms which have been indifferently cultivated for years.

The Italians, who are largely employed as section hands on the railroads, are particularly anxious to begin careers as farmers. The fact that it is almost impossible to buy land in their own country makes them eager to become land owners in the country of their adoption, and it is predicted that their thriftiness will soon make them strong rivals of the hardy Pennsylvania Dutch farmers.

The Italians are anxious to buy up the lands which Dutch farmers have partially abandoned as barren, and with their methods of intensive farming they bid fair to add largely to the number of acres now under cultivation in this country.

Veteran Good for Many Years.
In point of service William Henry Higgs is the oldest engineer on the Chicago division of the Big Four road, having begun work for the company in 1866. He is 71 years old, but still finds his chief pleasure in driving a giant locomotive, being regular engineer on one of the best trains of the entire system. During his long term of service he has never injured a fellow employee to sufficiently draw blood and has never hurt a passenger. Mr. Higgs does not look a day over 50, having an unclouded eye, a steady hand, a strong and hardy frame, a clear head and not a single gray hair.

Women Doctors on Trains.
The Great Western Railway company, of England, has just made an innovation in its express service, which is sure to meet with appreciation from the general public. On every train from London to Penzance, a distance of 300 miles, a woman doctor is to be in attendance. She will occupy a special compartment at one end of the train and is supposed to go to the assistance of sick passengers at a moment's notice.

Other railway companies in England are considering the adoption of the same plan.

A Paradox in Age.
At an entertainment provided by the Woman's Philharmonic society the most widely advertised attraction was a dancer who, so it was whispered, "had become too old to teach in the public schools and had taken to dancing for a living." That remarkable announcement drew a crowd of curious persons who were anxious to see what a woman looked like who was too old to teach but young enough to practice the terpsichorean art in public. Also, everybody wanted to know what that topsyturvy age might be, but of course, no one found out.

Seeing All the Town.
There was a whole family of children and they were only to spend one day in the city with their aunt and cousins.

Upon their return home a friend asked: "What did you see in the city?"
"Oh, we saw all of it," was the reply.

"All of it! In one day?"
"Yes, you see we've lots of cousins, so one of them took one of us to one place, another cousin took another of us to some other place, and so on. Each of us went to a different place, but the family of us saw pretty nearly the whole city."

BEAN POT NOT IN FAVOR.

Boston Women Objected to It as Emblem of Homecoming Week.

Boston is not to be represented by a flaring red label and a pot of presumably superb Boston baked beans, says the Post of that city. That is, only partially will she be represented thus.

Certain of the clubwomen of the city have faithfully considered the city's reputation of culture and quality and have decided that it would be folly to send out stickers giving the vulgar world to understand that our culture lay in the baking of beans.

Delegates from all the women's patriotic societies met Wednesday afternoon in the Twentieth Century club and discussed things connected with the celebration of Old Home week in Boston.

The Indian sign was put on the mayor's pet baked-bean stickers.

It was suggested that a sticker bearing a representation of Faneuil hall be used instead and at this point Thomas Anderson of Mayor Fitzgerald's publicity bureau arose and made haste to explain that the quick ones had been quicker to see that the baked-beans stickers had fallen flat and that stickers of a more dignified character were in preparation.

Neat little bundles of the pot and beans stickers were passed around, but the delegates gracefully repudiated them by saying that they guessed they would wait until the Faneuil hall kind made their appearance.

KNOW THERE WAS A TRICK.

Suspicious Countryman Found His Worst Fears Were Justified.

"A trust conference—any kind of a conference, for that matter—is a good thing," said G. Sheldon, of Nebraska, "if it is conducted fairly."

"To be unfair, to be prejudiced, to be suspicious, is always to judge wrongly. The suspicious man; falls into error and makes a fool of himself."

"There was a very suspicious countryman who went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered."

"Your umbrella, sir," said the uniformed official, extending his hand. The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully and turned on his heel.

"I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

Origin of Typhoid Fever.
President Mayo said at the last meeting of the American Medical association that a sufferer from typhoid fever has as good a right to sue the city where he contracted the filthy complaint as though he had hurt himself by a fall on a defective pavement, and yet we read in the newspapers of epidemics of typhoid fever broken out in Cincinnati, Newark and other places. Were it outbreak of rinderpest or foot-and-mouth disease, stringent means would be at once taken to stop it, and all the forces of the government would be enlisted to save cattle or sheep that have a market value. But human beings may die of typhoid fever, as our soldiers did in Camp Thomas, and no one be called to account.—Dr. Richard Cole Newton in the Popular Science Monthly.

Sardine Salad.
This is a delicious luncheon or tea dish. Remove the skin and bones from six big sardines and cut into tiny pieces. Place these in a salad bowl with six cold boiled eggs cut in quarters, and one big firm apple cut into strips, and three cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. If you like the flavor, add half a teaspoon of finely chopped chives, and then four tablespoons of French dressing. Serve very cold.

To Clean Leather.
To clean leather upholstery wash the leather with warm water to which is added a little good vinegar. Use an absolutely clean cloth. To restore the polish prepare the whites of two eggs with a teaspoonful of turpentine to each egg. This should be whisked briskly, then rubbed into the dry leather with a piece of clean flannel and dried off with a piece of clean linen cloth.

Alsatian Salad.
Arrange the usual bed of lettuce. Cook three frankfurter sausages for a few minutes in boiling water. Chill these and cut into very thin slices. Slice four medium-sized cold potatoes, and one small white onion, half a dozen firm pickles and stir this mixture lightly with four tablespoons of French dressing. Serve on the bed of lettuce leaves.

Palace Smoking Room.
A quite small chamber was the one room in all Windsor castle where the late queen permitted smoking.

A self-colored blue gray paper was on the walls, and the single billiard table was lighted by six oil lamps until quite the last years of Queen Victoria's reign.

It was indeed a homely apartment, says the Throne, but if the walls could speak they could tell strange stories of emperors and kings, princes, commoners, ministers of state, poets, bishops and the endless procession of great and important people who passed an hour there to smoke a last cigar.

Her Father's Child.
A lawyer well known for his ready wit in adapting himself to circumstances and circumstances to his case has a young daughter who bids fair to be his match. Lucy was told she should have no more candy, and the dish was placed on a high shelf, out of the child's reach. Left alone in the room, Lucy pushed a chair to the shelf and climbed upon the chair. Just as she touched the dish her father entered.

"Why, what is papa's little girl doing?" he exclaimed.

"Getting a candy for papa," explained Lucy, promptly.—Lippincott's Magazine.

SIZED HIM UP WRONG.

Fistic Encounter Did Not Turn Out as It Was Planned.

"It was this way, you see," said the young man with the black eye and skinned nose, and a gap in his mouth where two front teeth used to be. "I was elbowing by a feller on a street car and we had some words. I determined to lick that man or die. I could have hit him with a stone or club or hired some ruffian to waylay him, but I wanted to polish him off scientifically. I wanted to dally with him—to jab and upbraid him and straight punch until I made a pulp of him."

"And so you took boxing lessons?" was queried.

"That's what I did—24 of them. When I had finished my instructor said I could knock out any man twice my weight in America. I had kept an eye on the elbow man and when I got good and ready I threw myself in his way. He gave me the elbow again. I called him a ruffian and a coward and invited him to step off the car."

"And the bluffer didn't dare do it, of course?"

"But he did dare. Yes, sir, he got down lively. I squared off at him and let go with my right. It missed. Then I let go with my left. It missed. Then I swung on him. He wasn't there. Then—then—"

"Then you caught him an awful wallop and killed him stone dead?"

"Not quite. Something came booming along and hit me over the face and I went down and awoke in an ambulance."

"But you had taken 24 lessons in boxing?"

"I had, but as I afterward found out the other feller had taken 48."

"PLANT STONES" OF VALUE.

Germs That Are Occasionally Found in Certain Vegetable Growths.

Among the many strange things to be found in the Philippine islands are the so-called "plant stones" encountered now and again in certain vegetable growths.

The bamboo, for instance, according to Kultur and Natur, contains a stone very similar to the opal, but on account of the rarity with which it is found, much more costly than the opal. In many thousands cane stalks cut down and carefully examined there may perhaps be one in which this beautiful greenish-pink scintillating stone has been formed from the minute particles of silicious deposit that imparts its intense hardness to the outer covering of the cane. The bamboo-stone is known as Tabashira.

In the interior of some coconuts a stone-like secretion is found that is not inferior in brilliancy to the most beautiful genuine pearl.

The True Phonetic Speller.
The child is the true phonetic speller. Mr. Roosevelt, as Kipling might say, is a bloomin' amateur beside him—or her. Little Esie had been staying in a quiet woodland place—the Cockney girlie was convalescent from a severe illness. Her letters home were full of the joys of country life, and reckless spelling.

"The